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IN ENGLAND ON

SLAVERY AND EMANCIPATION,

DELIVERED IN LONDON, ON MARCH 12TH AND 13TH, 1862.

ALSO, HIS GREAT SPEECH ON THE

"PARDONING OF TRAITORS."

BY

GEORGE FRANCIS TRAIN,
OF BOSTON, UNITED STATES.

AUTHOR OF TRAIN'S UNION SPEECHES, DELIVERED IN ENGLAND DURING THE PRESENT AMERICAN WAR, ON THE SIDE AND WELFARE OF THE AMERICAN UNION. PUBLISHED BY T. B. PETERSON & BROTHERS, PHILADELPHIA, IN ONE LARGE OCTAVO VOLUME. PRICE TWENTY-FIVE CENTS A COPY.

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GEORGE FRANCIS TRAIN

ON

SLAVERY AND UNIVERSAL EMANCIPATION.

"IS AMERICAN SLAVERY TO THE NEGRO A STEPPING-STONE FROM AFRICAN BARBARISM TO CHRISTIAN CIVILIZATION?"

[*From the London American of March* 19, 1862.]

Mr. Train.—Slavery, Mr. Chairman and Gentlemen, is as old as the Bible—older, for man existed before parchment, and owned slaves, before he commenced writing for the *Times*,—in which he lived. (Laughter.) You all know why I put the question on the paper—wherever the American war has been discussed, each speaker seems to have felt it his duty to give the Americans a homily on slavery. Hence, it occurred to me that a subject which had occupied your Broughams—your Wilberforces, your Buxtons, your Clarksons—for more than a quarter of a century, was wide enough for a Forum debate without the collateral issues which stifles sound logic and swamps honest argument. (Applause.) It was generous in me to take the unpopular side, and, perhaps, too bold to rashly throw the gauntlet to the clever men that have come in to-night to crush me with abolitionism. (Laughter and applause.) But fear not for me, I will make good my cause and oblige you to admit that American slavery is a stepping-stone *to the negro* from African barbarism to Christian civilization! Hence, a Divine Institution. ("Oh," and dissent.) Gentlemen, you murmur, but you have no right to trifle with the mysterious ways of Providence. Whatever is, is right; man proposes, God disposes. He arranged the plan of civilization I defend, not man.

When you will explain why, in His wisdom, He made one mountain overtop another mountain—formed one ocean larger than another ocean—planned one valley wider than another valley; when you can make me understand why He made the oak stronger than its neighbor—the rainbow more beautiful than the storm-cloud—the lily more lovely than the lilac; when you will tell me the reason that Providence ordained that the fair Saxon should be permitted to express, in the blush upon her face, all the emotions of her soul, while the African knows not the signification of the word—(applause)—when these things are made clear to me, I will tell you how and why He has made the African the servant of the Anglo-Saxon race, but not till then. (Cheers.) They were born and bred servants, they cannot be masters. I have been in Africa, and nowhere did I learn that the Nubian had ever been other than a hewer of wood and a drawer of water. For forty centuries they have borne the burden. We may regret their position, but we cannot change the laws of God. The obelisks and hieroglyphics of the past have stamped their occupations. Africa is a desert—America a garden—mind you, I speak of that portion of the great Ethiopean country that cultivates the English staple of slavery. ("Oh! it is not a modern institution.") No, I admit that slavery is no new institution—did I not open the debate with that statement? It is as old as the world of the geologists. All ages have owned their slaves. Examine the archives of time. Chaos before Cosmo—then the lower animals, then man, concentrating something from all, but created in the image of his Creator. Man required society. Society must have laws. Laws constitute government. Hence, government is civil law, controlling property, liberty, life. This was the primitive state. The people

elect governors; the most intellectual are chiefs. First, it was physical courage, then mental energy, superiority; hence slavery. You find it in every age. From Chaldea it went to Egypt, to Arabia, to all Eastern lands, and finally all over the world. I found them everywhere in my travels, but under different names. In Homer's day all war prisoners in Greece were slaves. The Lacedemonian youth were trained to trap them, and afterwards butcher them. Three thousand prisoners were slaughtered on one occasion by these *manly* Spartans merely for amusement. Three centuries before the Christian era, Alexander destroyed Thebes, and sold into abject slavery, the entire population. Slaves in chains, received the banquet guests in the Roman mansions. The laws of the XII Tables made insolvent debtors slaves until the debt was paid; and only forty-two years before Christ, Polio fattened his lampreys on the slaves that offended him! Twelve years before that Cœcilius Isidorus left 4,116 in his will to his heir. Twenty-two centuries, (says Dr. Morton,) before Christ, we see in the monuments of Egypt, Caucasian and negro as master and slave. Gliddon's "Types of Man," pictures the negro dancing in handcuffs in the streets of Thebes three thousand four hundred years ago! The negro is always painted a slave on the vases found in the tombs of Etruria. He has not made in Africa one progressive step, since his characteristics were shown on the gravestones of the kings. I make these preparatory comments in reply to the gentleman who said it was not purely an English institution, in order to bring my points to bear upon the question, so as to prove to your satisfaction that American slavery is a *stepping-stone* to the improvement of the African.

England had the best of examples for introducing slavery into the Western World. (Hear.) But let us not trust to profane historians—take sacred writers. Read the Bible and observe the bondsmen—the laws that regulate their sale and purchase. Notice the numbers owned by Abraham, by Isaac, by Jacob. Moses, too, had so many, he made laws to govern the slave-owner. What were the bondsmen and bondsmaids of the ancients but slaves? Dr. Wayland says that the Hebrews held slaves since the conquest of Canaan—and it was on Canaan that the badge of servitude fell. Abraham owned one thonsand. Even Whitfield did not call it a sin. Read 25th Leviticus—read 21st Exodus—where the slave is called money—"When his master shall bore his ear through with an awl, and he shall own him for ever." Polygamy, divorce, murder, incest, the Bible precepts forbade, but placed no ban on slavery I find no law against it in the Scriptures. Even Moses delivered up a fugitive slave—(hear, hear)—but it does not follow that I advocate it in perpetuity. (Continued applause.) The fact is, men in our day would be hung for what then hardly occasioned a rebuke. "Servants obey your masters," was the Divine law, and St. Paul endorsed it. If the Author of Christianity had not approved of it, His goodness and his honor must necessarily have rejected it. The Old Testament sanctioned it, the New gives no word nor sign against it—but laws regulating it are recorded in both. St. Paul had time to give directions about the cut of a coat, or to say polite words to King Agrippa, but nowhere records anything against slavery; on the contrary, in his letter to his friend Philemon, to whom he consigns his own son Onesimus —"Whom I have begotten in my bonds." Does he not say "which in time past was to thee *unprofitable*, but now *profitable* to thee and me?" One would suppose that slavery is purely of American origin, if trained by the modern philanthropists, but it seems to be a plant of very ancient growth. But pass by the barbarous days, come back to Christian England. Saxon Alfred made laws as to the sale of slaves, and it is well known that in Saxon and Norman times the children of the English peasantry were sold in the Bristol market like cattle for exportation!—some went to Ireland, some to Scotland. Wat Tyler's rebellion in 1381 arose from serfdom. Edward VI. branded V on the breast of any one who lived idle for three days, and the buyer owned him for two years as his slave. He could oblige him to work by beating and chaining him; let him absent himself for a fortnight, and, with a brand upon his cheek, he was made a slave for ever! His neck, his leg, or his arm could be circled with rings of iron, and these were Saxon England's laws! Even in 1547 a runaway apprentice became by statute a slave. This hasty glance at the past brings us down to the base of our argument, when England stamped African slavery into the American soil. Sir John Hawkins (1563) was not long in following the Portuguese in profiting by the Congo and Angola traffic in Africans—perhaps England, even at this early day, thought of this method of Christianizing Africans. (Laughter, and "Good.") Queen Elizabeth was an accomplice, and the English Anne was joint partner with the Spanish Philip in dividing profit in the 144,000 slaves stipulated for in the Assiente treaty! England, I say, may thus early have had the praiseworthy idea of civilizing this God-forsaken race by firmly planting in the West the Bible staple of slavery. (Laughter.) England has been consistent from the first—all the Georges were engaged in it. The diamonds in the Royal Crown, now worn by

your Queen, were bought by the proceeds arising from the sale of your negroes, and as your former Queens, your Government and your people were all so largely engaged in the traffic, it is most unfair to presume that they had any other motive in view in carrying on this wholesale trade in human flesh than the Christianizing of the savage! (Laughter.) Even the capital in which you established the East India Company and the Bank of England, was furnished from the profits of the African slave trade.

Any one at all acquainted with English characteristics—knowing how disinterested they are in all matters of personal interest, and how little they care for that which most nations seek for—money—and how all their efforts for a period of centuries has been to benefit other lands instead of their own—(laughter)—will not for a moment credit the unpleasant rumors that have got abroad that England had any sordid object in view. (Laughter, and hear, hear.) Assuming, then, the generous view, that the civilization of the African was the object, I proceed to condense my whole argument into a few paragraphs to show how successful England has been in her philanthropy, and during the next five minutes, will convince the most skeptical, that American slavery to the negro is a *stepping stone* in the right direction. In order to bring my point straight home to your comprehension, I shall lay before you bone by bone, the skeleton on which I base the argument. I shall analyze and divide the whole question into affirmatives and negatives, and making you acknowledge individual points, I shall compel you to admit the collective argument.—("We'll see!" and applause.)

PHYSICALLY.

Is not the meagre, thin, long, chop-fallen, half-starved savage, as you find him a prisoner of war in negro land, a barbarian, compared to the happy, contented, well developed, strong, hearty, well clothed, well fed, negro slave in his Christianized state of American Slavery? Answer me, gentlemen—yes, or no, as I give you point by point. ("Yes," and applause.) That much admitted, take him INTELLECTUALLY and MENTALLY. The physical effects, the intellectual—take care of the body, and you improve the mind. The muscles of your brain grow by action, as the muscles of the body become stronger by exertion. ("That's so,") A man's arm is like a woman's before he trains for the prize-fight; but action makes the cords appear like iron; so it is with the mind, hence the emaciated physique gives perforce an emaciated intellect. I ask you to look on the miserable, weak-minded animal in Africa, who knows not the sweets of labor, or Bible schools, Bible societies, or Christian preachers—makes no statues, paints no portraits, writes no books, and contrast him in his improved state in the West, where he has a higher order of talent to shape his thoughts;—look at moles, and your ideas become moley; look at mountains, and they become mountainous. In Africa, he had no higher example. In America, the Caucasian race has elevated his intellect, as it has improved his physique, and I ask again, has not the barbarian, which you admit in the one case, made progress in the other? ("Yes," and applause.)

COMMERCIALLY.

The African savage never benefitted mankind as an African savage (for their palm oil, their elephants' tusks, and traffic in human flesh is the commerce of the white man;) but as an American slave has he not grown corn, cotton, sugar, rice, tobacco, and coffee, and thus helped to civilize the world more than all the missionaries in Christendom? ("Yes," and applause.)

FINANCIALLY.

The argument applies—what finance has he in Africa? No circulating medium, no exchequer bills, no currency, nothing but human beings constitute the coin in their barter trade; while in America, does not his labor, based on the commerce it produces, regulate exchanges, rule markets, stimulate finance? Is not the Atlantic Ocean bridged with letters of credit?—perhaps not now, since our blockades is so effectual—(laughter)—proving that the African financially stands in a higher position as an American slave than as a negro barbarian! ("Yes," and applause.)

MECHANICALLY.

What arts, sciences, instruments; what ingenuity has the negro in his barbarian state ever shown? Nothing; but in our American slavery, he has seen in the white man a higher order of mankind; and there are now mechanics, carpenters, smiths, metal workers among slaves. Will any gentleman dispute it? (No.) Am I stating facts? (Yes.) Then gentlemen, take care, or I shall make you admit the entire argument, piece by piece, before I come to the climatrix.—(Laughter.)

SOCIALLY.

I see gentlemen, what you are all waiting for—you all expect me to be floored upon the moral, social and religious point of view. You have admitted my former propositions, believing that I should break down upon the moral view of the subject, forgetting, as you do, that all the previous points which I have made in the affirmative—PHYSICALLY, INTELLECTUALLY, COMMERCIALLY, MECHANICALLY (and I could have added agriculture and manufactures)—bear direct on the social, religious, and moral aspect of the case. But I do not require their assistance, although each one of them proves the affirmative of

the question under discussion. I now take it up SOCIALLY. The African has no social ties, no sacred rights, no family pleasures, and is a cannibal; while as an American slave he goes to church, sings psalms, laughs, reads tracts, shoots birds, dances round the plantation fires, and is the happiest laborer I have ever witnessed in my extensive travel.—(Cheers, and "That's so" from the Southerners.) Will you admit that, as the American slave never eats his own or other people's children, that American slavery is Christianity contrasted with the barbarism of cannibalism? (Applause, "yes," and "no," from two voices.) The Hon. Colonial Secretary from Sierra Leone says no; then I will give him an opportunity of proving the negative; but I have with me a higher authority that says yes. Although perhaps, not strictly parliamentary, will you allow me to read a letter received from one of the most distinguished men of this century with whom I have been corresponding, which admits what the gentlemen from the African coast denies. The letter, gentlemen, is from the distinguished poet and abolitionist, M. Victor Hugo. You may remember his celebrated picture on the John Brown raid —simply a black fore-ground, with a man hanging in the distance, while the light of abolition is breaking in the sky beyond! Victor Hugo wrote a letter to the engraver, commemorating the act as the dissolution of the American Empire. On this I wrote him, proposing to prove to him, as I shall do to you before I get through, that Mr. Seward's prophetic IRREPRESSIBLE CONFLICT, as inaugurated by the John Brown raid (*in which Mr. Seward was in no way implicated.*) that so far from destroying our republic it would give it a lease for another hundred years. (Cries of "Read, read.") I will translate it into English.

"Your opinion, sir, is true upon the first phase of slavery, but it is not all so in the second. It is evident that slavery wrested its prey from the eaters of human flesh, but it has only progressed in regard to cannibalism; whenever it finds itself in the presence of Christianism, and, above all, of human reason, it must abdicate under penalty of becoming monstrous.—The persistency of the Southern States in slavery is the greatest moral deformity of the nineteenth century. (Applause.) You see, sir, that we differ in our points of view. However I am not for that less sensible to the sentiment of sympathy expressed in your honorable letter in such warm words, and I pray you to accept the assurance of my esteem.

(Signed) "VICTOR HUGO.

"Hauteville House, Feb. 25, 1861."

In reply, I argued with him as with you, by saying, as he admits the first phase of my proposition, a system that rescues humanity from man-eaters must have some divinity in its origin—Religiously and morally, all the heads under which I have classified the arguments are subordinate to this—the barbarian meets civilized man and improves as far as he can. Education may develop, but cannot originate mind. Color is not the only thing that marks him. *You must first put inside his thick skull nine cubic inches more of brain!* He may possess the two hundred and forty-eight bones, the four hundred muscles, the fifty-six joints on hands and feet, the twenty miles of arteries that make the white man—and those who approach them in summer will testify that they also have the seven millions of pores (laughter); but the brain, the organ of thought is not there; for the negro, while a man in body, is in mind a child.

Three types of man landed in the American forests, and are well represented by three classes of the horse tribe—*the Indian was the Zebra, you could never tame him; the white man was the Arab horse, the living picture of strength and progress* (hear, hear); *the negro was the donkey* (laughter), *who did the labor, and in that way carried out* HIS *destiny.*

All men are not born "free and equal." I deny it. The Creator's plans cannot be thwarted by a turn of words in the nation's declaration of independence. Jefferson may have intended to say that all *white* men were born free and equal; but if he did so he was wrong, because they are not. All are different—no two things are alike—no drop in the ocean, leaf in forest, sand in mountain, fish in sea, flower in garden. How, then, can races be the same? Each land has its *fauna*, its *flora*, and its humanity. This has been so in all ages. The *Arab*, the *Egyptian*, the *Negro*, are as distinctly chiseled in the monuments forty centuries ago as are the *wild dog*, the *greyhound*, and the *turnspit*. The type never dies! (Applause.) Geology shows the different strata of the earth; ethnology teaches us the different strata of men—the negro is the *Paleozoic*.

As there are no teachers, no schoolmasters, no mechanics' associations, no Christian ministers, nothing for the African to look up to in Africa, how expect improvement, morally or religiously, unless transplanted to another climate, where his eyes, his ears, and senses are taught, without much effort, the common rudiments of education. Concentrate your thoughts on Lilliput, and your mind becomes Lilliputian; but centre your gaze on Gulliver, and your views consequently become Gulliverian! (Applause.) My forty minutes are nearly exhausted, and I ask you to run along the edge of my argument and tell me if I have not proved beyond the shadow of a doubt that *American*

slavery to the Negro is a stepping-stone from African barbarism to Christian civilization. (Loud cheers, and "No" from Mr. Edwards.) One gentleman says no, and yet all have admitted, as I put bone and bone together, and laid before you my plan, that, carrying as you have done any portion of the argument in my favor, it naturally bears with it the whole; and the collateral issues that I have raised were merely the veins, arteries, blood, and flesh, that I have filled into the framework; and if I have occupied a few minutes more, it is in order to put boots, and trousers, and coat, and hat upon my Christianized African, and let him stand before you an improved human being, with nine cubic inches less of brain than the Caucasian race, that has assisted him up one stepping-stone towards the temple of Christian freedom. (Cheers.)

But Mr. Edwards said no! I will then convince him, by firing another arrow in my quiver. Read the recent parliamentary correspondence of Dahomey, regarding the inhuman acts of that barbarous people. King Gezo, not many months ago, died. In accordance with their usual custom, the great king must have a great funeral. Seven thousand negroes were to be tortured, mutilated, and burned to ashes over the funeral pile of the dead king—but owing to the high price of slaves, arising from England's ravenous demand for cotton—(cheers)—still, as you observe, at her old work of Christianizing the Heathen — (laughter) — negroes commanded too high a price at Dahomey to permit the royal treasury to luxuriate in such gigantic torture, hence the successors of the dead king tore away from their families only eight hundred little children and old men, young girls, and aged women, and sacrified them with their instruments of torture in honor of the dead chief, in accordance with the barbarous funeral rites of that unhappy land!

By purchasing slave-grown produce, England again did something for civilization in this case, as she did three centuries ago, when Sir John Hawkins landed his first cargo on the American shore. (Laughter and applause.) Now, as Mr. Edwards cannot give me a single instance where any American slave on the American plantation has been sacrificed over the funeral pile in a similar manner—or point to a single instance of Cannibalism, he certainly must now admit by this last shot in my locker, that a system which does away with this inhuman practice —that Lord Palmerston and Lord John Russell have in vain tried to uproot in Africa —must be beneficial to the African barbarian, and gives me the affirmative of the argument that THE NEGRO IS A STEPPING-STONE FROM AFRICAN BARBARISM TO CHRISTIAN CIVILIZATION.

Several speakers were on their feet at once in reply—and each in his turn attacked Mr. Train in the stronghold he had built around his argument. He baffled his antagonists by the way he put the question—they evidently looking at the debasement of the white man more than the elevation of the negro. So many were desirous of speaking, Mr. Train moved the adjournment of the debate to Monday evening, March 17th. This was carried, and on that evening the hall was packed—most of the speakers being against Mr. Train—who rose to order, and asked them not to argue on what he was *going* to say, but upon what he *had* said. He told them that he had paved one stepping-stone—and asked them how they were able to interpret his thoughts. "How do you know," said he, "but what the real stepping-stone is *Universal Emancipation.*"

CONCLUSION OF MR. TRAIN'S GREAT SPEECH ON SLAVERY.

Mr. Train says America's mission is for white people—England's for blacks—hence recommends Lord Shaftesbury to give his attention to Africa—as a wider field for his well-known philanthropy. This speech will attract attention by the boldness of its theories—and the new light he has thrown upon some old ideas. As he has so often foreshadowed events during the Revolution, he may have again anticipated the policy of the Administration.

Mr. TRAIN,—Inasmuch, Mr. Chairman and gentleman, as this is the fifth night of the debate—and inasmuch as thirteen experienced debaters have been firing hot shot into the fortification I built around my argument —while only two speakers came to my assistance—and inasmuch as I adopted the unpopular side of the question to give life to the debate—the least I can expect is that you will yield to me the same fairness you have given to others—(hear, hear)—and not interrupt me unless under mis-statement—no matter how direct may be the fire of my batteries—until I have fully satisfied you that the point I took when opening the debate has not in any point been assailed. (Oh, and laughter.) I knew the result at the start—I knew the question was so worded that nothing could shake my position.—Hence, as no one has confuted my argument —(oh)—I have a right to demand the same latitude in reply that you have accorded to others—(hear)—and if I tread rather uncere-

moniously on the prejudices of the English people—you should remember how severely I have been attacked. So fair play and no favor—(hear and applause)—and I will do my best to pay in gold the paper drafts which have been made upon me—and if I use the weapon of ridicule and satire, it is in order to spice the logic and reason with which I shall confound my enemies! (Hear, hear.) In my opening speech I met their figures of rhetoric with my figures of arithmetic, making all admit the *stepping-stone*, save those so blind that they would not see! —That admitted, they wished me to go further, hence ripped up the whole question of the African slave-trade, West Indian emancipation, and American slavery.—Proving my first step, to the satisfaction of every intelligent mind, it may come to pass, before I conclude, that I am more of an abolitionist than you are. ("Oh," and cries of "You have a queer way of showing it.") Does not the order of nature give sensation before thinking—creeping before walking—crying before language—and coarseness before culture—superstition before intellectual education—experience before wisdom—and barbarism before civilization? (Hear, hear.) So, American slavery precedes the emancipation of the African slave? (Applause.) I kept my argument rattling against the *bull's-eye* of the question, while my opponents did not hit the target at all—hence it is useless for me to bring any more facts to bear upon the *stepping-stone*,—but will take up one by one, as my memory serves me, the points of the other debaters, in order to show how ridiculous by a little analysis they can be made to appear. (No personalities!) The gentleman says no personalities, and yet they have endeavored to hammer me into a gold leaf. —I did intend commencing at the alpha, walking along towards the omega—but as there are many new speakers here to-night, I will reverse the argument, walking backward snail-like, as some of the other speakers have done (laughter), by taking up the last debater. His great point was, that slavery was based on piracy, robbery, debauchery, and murder—hence it could have nothing to do with Christianity.

Now, gentlemen, this is the platform on which the world was built. (Oh! and dissent.) You dissent—but here are a few thousand years of history crowded into one paragraph.—Cain murdered—Lot sotted—Onan onanized—David Uriahized—Moses plotted—and Jacob cheated—Solomon Mormonized—Noah inebriated—Peter lied—Judas betrayed.—(Sensation.)—Yet, while all these bad men were slave owners—each representing a fair type of the Confederate Cabinet—none of them were so debauched in immorality as that cabinet have been by Negro slavery, as to have been guilty of the terrible crime of high treason against the grandest government the world ever saw! (Loud cheers.) The gentleman gave such a picture of the African slave trade, showing the manacled position of the slave, that an ungenerous mind might have had the suspicion—as he comes from that enterprising Nutmeg State of Connecticut—that he had commanded a slaver, (laughter, and hear, hear,) and the details he gave as to slave owners selling negro babies by the pound, might lead us to suppose that at some period of his life, he was also directly interested in the domestic slave trade as well. (Oh, and laughter.) He says, while holding high my country's flag during the reign of Secessia in England, he was one of the loudest to cheer me; but he felt it to be a disgrace to be an American—to hear the Union champion advocating negro slavery, (applause); and yet, before I finish, I shall prove myself more of an abolitionist than he is. (Hear, hear, and prove it.) His abolitionism, like Lord Shaftesbury's, is theoretical—mine may prove practical—he talks, I act.—My plan may benefit the slave by being honest, while Exeter Hall abolitionism is the basest kind of hypocrisy. (Oh, cheers, and dissent.) He says, a great statesman, whose superiority Mr. Train acknowledges—fell from the height he had raised himself in New England, by selling himself to the slave owners, and he compliments me by galvanising me into so important a personage, that a storm of indignation would reach me from Boston, as greeted him there on his arrival from Washington.—Now, Mr. Chairman, *first*, I never acknowledged Mr. Webster my superior. (Loud cheers, laughter and applause.) *Second*, My inherent modesty (renewed laughter,) would not allow me to suppose—that my humble opinions would stimulate the American people into exhibiting any such feats of gymnastics as he has pictured. (Laughter.) They did give up a fugitive slave in my native city—and by obeying the sacred mandate of the law under the Constitution—proved how little cause the conspirators had for the ungodly rebellion which agitated our land. (Cheers.) Several speakers plunged into the horrors of the middle passage as he had done. Admit, that England for three centuries has Macadamized the bed of the Atlantic Ocean with the skulls of the negro. (Oh!) Admit all these horrors that weigh heavy upon England's shoulders, but acknowledge that, had she allowed the same free trade in the emigration of the black man, that regulates other races, how many millions of lives she might have saved in her praiseworthy efforts to Christianize the heathen. (Oh, and cheers.) It was the squadron on the coast—the mistaken philanthropy, in making the negro emigration *illegal*, that caused the

horrors of the middle passage, while my plan would have been to have opened the way in comfortable ships like the Great Eastern—(cheers)—which would have carried out the Exeter Hall platform on a more Christian basis—(oh! and applause)—but with my permission she shall not bring any more of them to America. (Laughter.) America's mission is to look out for white men, while England's mission is to Christianize the blacks. Why should England give all her attention to slavery as it exists in America? Why not talk with Portugal and the Emperor of Brazil? Why not send their abolition speakers to Cuba instead of taking in that old slave catcher and slave trader—repudiating old Spain, whose Government stocks she refuses to quote on the London Stock Exchange—into a full partnership, into the Anglo-Gallic fillibustering firm recently established in the garden land of the Montezumas! (Cheers.) How is it that England has no sympathies for her own colliers, her own miners, and hard-worked operatives? (Oh!) How is it that Lord Shaftesbury and the Duchess of Sutherland have selected th's one race for their especial protection? No word of kindness for the white Circassian sold in the slave marts of old Stamboul! No pity for the poor Bœrs in Southern Africa! No thought of the red Indian she formerly sold on English soil—nor a word of pity for the dark native of Hindostan, she sent to wear his life away on the sugar plantations of the Mauritius. No sympathy for the yellow-faced son of Confucius whom I have seen her kidnap in the China Seas, and bear him away under the philanthropic flag of England, through similar horrors of the middle passage, vividly described by the last speaker—to perish on the dry arid rocks of the Chincha Islands, where he digs the guano which is sold in England to cultivate the soil in order to give you food—(Cheers—or sells him under the Coolie system to the Spanish planter, where he ekes out a few years of miserable existence, and lays him down in a stranger grave, far away from the land of his ancestors, with this simple epitaph—*worked to death through the Christian philanthropy of Exeter Hall.* (Oh! and hear, hear.)

I say, why is it, gentlemen, that England's sympathies are only for this Ethiope race? I will tell you—simply because it was fashionable—and one of my objects in bringing forward this question is to smash the Exeter Hall platform into so many pieces that its most enthusiastic disciples will never be able again to connect th m together. (Dissent.) Abolitionism in England, means the destruction of the Western Empire! More hate, envy, jealousy against the white race, than sympathy, affection, or love for the black. (Oh! and cheers.) Northerner as I am by birth and education, I have been so often insulted at the hospitable table of England in defending my country, my people, and my flag against the question of the negro, which was not a Northern institution, that it almost made a pro-slavery man of me, as my nationality was sufficiently wide to cover all the institutions of my country. (Cheers.) In this, I agree with Webster. I know no North, no South, no East, no West,—when England abused America on account of an institution which she has planted there—her vituperations against my own land were too apparent not to be offensive—and living in England throughout the entire *reign of Secessia*, I saw her inconsistency by falling suddenly in love with the treacherous reptiles that raised their fabric of treason on the corner-stone platform of American slavery, and my annoyance culminated into disgust, when I saw Lord Shaftesbury refuse to attend a meeting of clergymen in that same Exeter Hall—a meeting of Christian preachers called together to offer up prayers to Almighty God for peace between England and America! (Hear, hear.) You see that when sixty millions of white people are to be saved, Lord Shaftesbury does not wish to embarrass the Government. (Shame.) Now you have the secret of why I put this question before you. It was to show the Dishonesty, the Humbug, the Cant, of the Exeter Hall disciples, who would involve sixty millions of respectable white people in war to gratify their selfish appetites for African charities. ("Oh," and "hear, hear!") Better be an honest American slave than a dishonest Anti-Slavery freeman! Servitude like happiness is only comparative—good is comparative,—so is evil,—so is light, heat, air,—all comparative. Liberty, when mistaken for license—servility when mistaken for civility—is as bad as to place the servant in the master's chair. The creator made the world to suit himself—not Exeter Hall.—His tenants were of his own choosing. Having a taste for colors, as shown in the rainbow, the dolphia, the flower-garden, and the forest, he carried out his fancy in color, shape, and capacity of man.—(Applause)—In nature large fish swallow little fish,—large trees draw the sap from little trees—large oceans drink up the rivulets,—so that race that possesses most governing power, rules. (Hear.) The negro never was Governor—American slaves sleep under the palm tree—quote scripture, and have fewer crimes than any other race,—as the churning of milk maketh butter—as the ringing of the nose bringeth blood—so England's Abolition nonsense was introduced on the Slave question in order to bring contention among the Americans. (Hear, hear, and applause.)

To show how well they have succeeded, I

point you to the present Civil War, where brother hews down brother with a blood-thirstiness that ought to satisfy the most rabid disciple of Exeter Hall. (Oh!) Leave America alone for awhile—*Withdraw thy foot from thy neighbor's house*, ye Abolitionists—*lest he be weary of thee and so hate thee!* —Let Lord Shaftesbury explain "the way of the eagle in the air—the way of a serpent on the rock—the way of a ship in the waters of the sea"—before he tries to raise the negro above the kitchen. Since Ham rejoiced at Noah's intoxication—since Judah dishonored his child—since Moses broke the Commandments on the mountain—the negro race has swept the house, made the fires, done the cooking, and always gone out to service. Tribulation worketh patience—patience maketh experience — experience bringeth hope. Hence, I believe, with Edward Everett, "that American slavery is to be the ultimate civilization of Africa"—Nature's laws are indestructible. The Creator first made the inanimate world—then the vegetable kingdom—then the serpent tribe;—out of them came the fish, then the fowls of the air, then the brute creation; but his master-piece was man! He divided the world into two climates, and peopled it with his children. I believe with Agassiz that the world was peopled by nations, not in pairs. As there were degrees in vegetable, animal and mineral kingdoms, so he instituted degrees in the human race.—Naturalists point out our ancient stepping-stones—the monkey—the ape—the baboon—cutting off the tail of the gorilla in order to make the Australian—(laughter)—the lowest type of man—then the African—the Malayan—the Mongolian—the Caucasian—making up that noble specimen of civilization, the Englishman—("hear," and applause)—finishing off with the progressive type of man—who combines the virtues of the past, and endeavors to avoid its vices—THE AMERICAN! (Cheers and laughter.) One gentleman asks if the separation of families at the slave auction, and the sale of your own flesh and blood, is an instance of civilization? Certainly not. Such is not now the case—public opinion has become the public law—families are not divided as in former times. ("Oh!" and "It is not true!) I know that I am right, gentlemen. I saw the advertisement for the sale of the negroes on Pierce Butler's estate in Georgia—in bankruptcy—children were not separated from their parents, nor wives from their husbands, and, since which, this exception has now become the rule. You are not the first to speak about selling one's flesh and blood—hence, I remind you of the law of England, that permits you to seduce the poor man's child, but only compels you to pay two shillings and sixpence per week for its maintenance. (No!) I say it is the law of bastardy—(hear, hear)—and if the inhuman planter does dispose of his own flesh and blood, as you have alleged, so long as you continue to pay the present prices for cotton, he does not sell his own offspring for half-a-crown per week. ("Hear," laughter, and cheers.) The slavery of your army white man is more abject than the Southern negro!—"One is voluntary, the other is not.") Exactly, hence the soldier who would desert is as much a slave as the negro—I believe there are as many slaves who would not accept freedom as soldiers. The slaves cling to their masters from affection; while the soldier or the operative remains solely for his food and raiment—what do they care about their officers and employers, or even sovereign, beyond the protection or support which, directly or indirectly, they afford them? The law obliges the one to place himself in the ranks to be shot down, and if he refuses, objects, hesitates—if he dares to desert, or show the least insubordination, he is strung up and put under the lash! The whip is applied oftener on the Saxon soldier—if I may judge from your newspapers—than on the American slave. Augustine called poesy "the wine of demons." Bacon says, "the mixture of a lie doth ever add pleasure." What often appears mountains in the distance to the navigator, proves to be vapor as you approach—so the cruelties you picture to the American slave are simply the offspring of a willing fancy. "It is ignorance and not knowledge that rejects instruction; it is weakness, not strength, that refuses co-operation"—so is it envy and not generosity that stimulates abuse; jealousy against the white man, not affection for the African, that characterizes your abolition sentiments—*envy keepeth no holidays*. You would give me strength of memory which I cannot claim, and the powers of debate which I do not possess, were you to expect me to answer all the sallies aimed at me during a five-night debate, but I will show you the absurdity of one or two similies advanced.

Mr. Edwards pictured a poor girl in her dirty home in a dirty village, brought to London by some noble lord — educated, dressed in silks and satins—the price of which was her loss of virtue, as illustrative of the negro free in Africa, and a slave in America. All this is beautiful in theory, but its non application will be seen by my asking a question. Might she not have lost her virtue in the dirty home he pictured—(hear, cheers, and laughter)—without the collateral advantages of education, &c., which he portrayed? for it is not notorious that the negro had lost his freedom in Africa for centuries? Negro enslaved negro before the white man entered the field;

and you will find upon the records of time that Africa holds all the patents for the original institution. (Hear, hear.) He asked also if the education of the Jew boy, Montara, was a justification for the crime of kidnapping. Now, Mr. Chairman, I ask of you if the education of the Jews and prostitution—however able Mr. Edwards may be to discuss these points—have anything to do with American slavery? (Hear, hear.) I answer them by relating a negro conversation under a hen-roost. "Pompey! don't you tink dat it am wrong to steal chicken belongin' to odder people?" "Cæsar! dat am a great moral question, dat you or I hab not de time nor de brain to lucidate. *Pass down another pullet.*" (Cheers, and loud and continued laughter.) I have read all the authors quoted and more—Lord Muncaster, Grosvenor Smith, Major Gray, Captain Morseby, Major Denham, Clapperton, Commodore Owen, Mr. Ashmun, Laird, Rankin, Colonel Nicholls, Mr. Oldfield, Captain Cook, Canot, and Dr. Livingston, and others, all of whom described the wretched state of the African, and the low state of civilization there, proving beyond dispute that there is a much wider field for Lord Shaftesbury, Lord Brougham, Exeter Hall, and Mr. Edwards in Africa, than they would ever find in America. (Hear, hear.) I appreciate Mr. Lee's honest views of abolition more than I do his argument, that the death of a friend of his increased population—the man while living opposed his daughter's marriage—he was killed, the daughter married and had children—hence increase in census! (Hear and laughter.) This would hold good were we not aware that in Scotland, and some other Christian countries, population had enormously increased without any marriages appearing in the records. (Loud laughter, and "That's so.") You must admit the African is not as intelligent as the Englishman—there are types in man, degrees in nature. Wilberforce, Clarkson, Romilly, Channing, Wayland, Darwin, Phillips, and even Mr. Lee—(hear, hear)—must admit this; they cannot believe the African equal to the Caucassian. Can you make a pointer out of a poodle? Can you get a peach out of a crab-apple? Can you grow an oak from a pea nut? Can you change a carrot into a melon? Will a donkey produce an Arab horse? Can you bring a chicken out of an egg plant? Can you make an eagle out of a duck? or breed a lion out of a pole cat? (Hear, hear.) No, gentlemen, but under the Christianizing influence of modern science, it is much more reasonable that England will introduce a new trade of manufacturing silk purses out of sows' ears. The Roman Novelist Petronius, in Nero's time, described two literary men, who wished to hide a robbery they had committed on board a Levantine ship, by covering themselves with ink, in order to pass as Ethiopians, and thus escape detection:—if color alone could transform our shape, said Griton, it would be easy—artificial color besmears the body—but can we fill our lips with an ugly swelling? Crisp our hair with an iron? Mark our forehead with scars? distort our shanks into a curve? and draw our heels down to the earth? We must do all these things or the lie will not succeed. (Hear, hear.) But the hand of time points towards the midnight hour, and I must hurry on to my plan of abolition—so emancipation must be gradual. (Applause.)

Of the fifty millions now in Africa, some forty millions are still slaves. It was no unusual thing in former days to see the pens where the war prisoners were stored to fatten preparatory to being eaten. They were stall-fed for the market, and hung up and cut up as you would sell a sheep or an ox. Young girls were considered the greatest delicacies, but when tough with age they became beasts of burden. Guilty of all crimes, accustomed to the lowest acts of barbarians, always at war, strangers to education, civilization, and Christianity—brutalized by the lowest depravity—the question arises, no matter what the motive, has not his removal to America bettered his condition, improved his morals, elevated his mind? (Cheers.) Has not that been the first step towards regeneration? There can be but one response; and I have already proved my case that *American slavery to the negro* is a stepping-stone from AFRICAN BARBARISM TO CHRISTIAN CIVILIZATION! (Cheers.) In conclusion, you are impatient for me to prove myself an abolitionist. (Yes! and time!) I shall not do it by having a servile war—or as you did it in the West Indies—to quote the *Times*: "*You not only emancipated every negro in the West Indies, but pretty nearly ruined every planter to boot.*" Cochrane went too fast in his New York speech when recommending the arming of the slaves—and Cameron was mistaken in dwindling down the glory of our nation to an abolition war—and that distinguished statesman, who never held an office,—that presidential politician, who never made a speech—and that great general who never fought a battle—Fremont,—came within an ace of running the ship upon the rocks in the breakers at St. Louis, by pledging the Cabinet to a servile war. ("Hear, hear," and applause.) Robespierre and Brisso, in 1791, tried the equalizing principle in St. Dimingo—and Alison has vividly painted the massacre, speaking of the Haytian drama, "*That negroes,*" said he, "*marched with spiked infants on their spears, instead of colors; they sawed asunder the male prisoners, and violated the females*

on the dead bodies of their husbands. The Cameron-Fremont policy would have produced similar anarchy on the Palmetto plantations, had it not been summarily checked by the strong arm of Lincoln, and the wise policy of the Secretary of State—and I cannot better express my sentiments on this question than by using the very words of Earl Russell three nights ago in the House of Lords—I am—(said the noble "Earl in reply to Strathden)—sure that we "are all anxious that the sin and stain of "slavery should cease; but there is nothing "that we should look at with greater alarm "than an insurrection of four million of peo-"ple—the devastations, the horrors, the "pillage, the murders, which in the name of "liberty would be committed! We trust, "when the present contest shall end, the "emancipation of the negroes will be "brought about by peaceable means without "the loss of life or destruction of the pro-"perty of their masters. (Cheers.) It is "not owing to their masters that slavery now "exists in the Southern States; it is an "inheritance which they derived from this "country." (Hear, hear.) Such sentiments are worthy of this great statesman, who assisted by Argyle, and Gladstone, and Gibson—in carrying out the wishes of his Queen in checking Lord Palmerston from plunging England into an uncivilized and unchristian war with America. (Cheers, and "Where is your plan of emancipation?") You shall have it, gentlemen, so plainly that you cannot misunderstand it.—If you wish to reclaim the swampy morass, cut off the fountain that supplies it.—I classify my plan under four heads.

First—Abolish the African slave trade. We have done evil that good may come. Gordon is no more—the President has had the nerve in showing his honesty in suppressing that traffic, by baring his breast against powerful combinations, and hanging the first slaver ever executed under the laws of piracy. (Hear and applause.) Second—Having stopped the stream, we must drain the swamp, and fence in the pool—don't allow another foot of slave territory under the Union—draw a line of fire around the scorpion, by strong laws, so that he may burn to death if he attempts to cross it—these points cut off its supplies and fence it in. (Hear, hear.) Thirdly—Under this head I propose to emancipate the white people first, the Oligarchy must be destroyed. Now the Oligarchists are passing away with every victory. (Applause.) The only way to destroy this Oligarchy, and emancipate the millions of white people it has kept in check, is to cut off the political power of slavery. (Cheers, and that's good.) Five negroes must no longer give three votes to the planter, in order to give him a position in the councils of the nation, to hatch a plot for its destruction. (Not Constitutional.) Liberty was the acorn, and the Constitution was the flower pot in which it was planted—the sapling has out-grown its boundary—and the Constitution can easily be amended, so as to give the tree wider limits, now it has arrived to manhood. (Cheers.) The Seceding States have already lost their charters through their treason, and as territories might again be admitted as States under an amended Constitution. (Hear, hear.) I now come to the fourth point—having dammed off the streams, drained the land, emancipated the white people, the morass already begins to be a garden for the African. Now let us emancipate him. (Cheers.) Let the States pass a law under the guidance of the Constitution, compelling the planter, as a slight tax upon his treason, to give the slave his own labor one day in the week, to work out his own freedom—his price fixed at a fair value, and arranged under guarantees that the slave shall have that day as well as over hours to purchase his liberty—this knowledge stimulates ambition, gives him self-reliance, so that when he has earned his freedom, he is also educated to appreciate it. (Cheers.) The world will have before them a plan—public opinion will so act upon the planter that many will emancipate such slaves as can take care of themselves at once, the strong and active negroes should be made to work out the freedom of their parents and children where they are unable to do it themselves. This would strengthen the social ties, and, before a generation passed over, all the slaves may have educated themselves for freedom—the loss of the slave's labor to the planter for that day may raise the value of the cotton, so that the consumer pay a portion of the bill, and abolition England by purchasing that cotton will have earned the credit she has worked for so long, of bettering the condition of the negro slave. (Cheers and applause.) The swamp, gentlemen, will soon be fertilized by the enterprising Yankees, who will pour down to guide the negroes in their labor, and by superior industry make the Southern desert blossom like the Northern rose. (Applause.) And the Southern Cross will receive by this means its fairly-earned Northern Crown. (Cheers.) Delaware and the District of Columbia should emancipate their six thousand slaves on next Fourth of July—(cheers)—Missouri and Maryland follow suit on the next Anniversary of Washington—(cheers) Virginia and Kentucky must keep pace with public opinion, in order to join all the slave States in the great celebration of Eighteen-seventy-six, of General Emancipation on the First Centenary of our Glorious Union. (Loud cheers.)

In reply to one honorable speaker, who asked, if the slaves were set free at once, if they would not organize a system of their own—I thought that I had before proved that the African will not work without a master. The European combines and succeeds. The Asiatic race, also, understand the power in part of working in concert. But the African has no idea of a joint-stock enterprise. They were always bondsmen—but they must not be called *slaves*. The work stinks almost as bad as the negro—not quite—for the negro's pores are always open! Enslaving debases, I admit, the enslaver—(hear, hear, and "That's so")—but, thus far, has elevated the slave. "True," and hear.) The Africans never combine. Persians, Asiatics, and Tartars have had armies, but who ever heard of such a thing as an African army, an African regiment, an African bank, an African joint-stock association of any kind? Be assured the negro is a one-horse mind, with a one-story intellect. (Laughter.) Under guidance, they will work—alone, they wallow in idleness. Nature never intended the negro to be our master, or even our equal, but our servants. Nature's plans are simple; her results are sublime. Every infant born is another link in Nature's chain. Progression is her first law. The sun comes on, and leaves us at the horizon, but is always moving. Little things make great things. Day breaks by degrees, and night comes on under a regular law. Barbarism always precedes civilization—(cheers)—mythology comes before theology—superstition before religion—ideal before the real—natural before spiritual. The superior follows the inferior throughout history; so freedom must succeed slavery. (Loud cheers.) Association succeeds progression, and development follows association. Creation is a study. Man is linked with everything in the animal, mineral, and vegetable world. The grain of corn is planted in the spring—it progresses, it associates, it developes. Man eats it in the morning—at night it becomes part of the blood, the flesh, and the bone, and the next day a portion of the brain—perchance a human thought working out some patent reaping machine. (Loud applause.) The world is worked on a wonderful system. The Creator made the negro as well as his master, and in making him he gave him bodily strength to make up for his mental weakness. (Hear.) The old kings and patriarchs of the Bible were bad men. In our day such crimes would have sent them to the gallows. (Laughter, and "Question.") Who questions it? (Renewed laughter.) Madame Tussaud would have had them all in the Chamber of Horrors. (Applause.) Their bondsmen did not fare so well as our slaves. Good comes out of evil. Astrology prepared the road for astronomy—alchemy preceded chemistry—soothsaying foreshadowed prophecy—and priestly traditions came before the wonderful realities of modern science. What then prevents American slavery from showing the door to general emancipation? (Cheers.) Where there is now land all was once water—and where there is now water all will sometime become land. Time is the leveler. Time will emancipate the negro. (Cheers.) The Almighty's ways are all his own. Corn and flowers may yet grow abundantly in the African desert. The gospel of Jesus will yet Christianize the heathen. Perhaps as it is doing through American slavery. (Hear.) The lion and the lamb some day will lie down together. Electricity will perhaps conduct the locomotive at two hundred miles the hour, as easily as it now sends messages as many thousands at a flash. Some invention will yet be made for this mysterious agency. Lightning may yet conduct away all disease from the home of man. The air itself may be controled with as much facility as the navigator sails his ship upon the waters. Time is the greatest inventor, and having convinced you—(No)—that American slavery was one stepping-stone, it may turn out that the American civil war will become another, perhaps the great and last stepping-stone which will bring universal freedom to the slave. (Loud Cheers.)

Will you give me two minutes more?—(hear, hear, and yes)—it is only to ask England to assist me in carrying out my plan—charity begins at home, and I want to get the Victor Hugos, the Sutherlands, and the clever George Thompsons, and John Brights, of abolition, to get England to pass the following resolutions:

Resolved, That from this day we will not wear a slave-grown cotton shirt—sleep between slave-grown cotton sheets—(hear)—wipe our faces with slave-grown cotton towels—use slave-grown cotton clothes on our children—or slave-grown cotton handkerchiefs; that we will not wear a particle of clothing—walk on a single carpet—or have anything to do with any article that requires a particle of slave-grown cotton in its texture. (Cheers.)

Resolved, That we and our men-servants, nor our maid-servants will not drink another drop of slave-grown coffee, or put another lump of slave-grown sugar in our tea.—(Cheers.)

Resolved, That we will eat no slave-grown rice, or corn, or grain. (Applause.)

Resolved, That we will never smoke another slave-grown cigar—take another pinch of slave-grown snuff—(laughter,)—or use another pipeful of slave-grown tobacco in the "Forum;" (cheers, and bad for Comber,)

—that the five and a half-millions sterling revenue received for these articles be abolished by prohibiting them altogether.—(Cheers and applause.)

This will be consistency—I asked it for my cause—for you cannot be consistent and pay a direct premium in slavery, by buying at high prices the product of the slave. (Hear, hear, and that's so.) My argument is closed. I thank you, gentlemen, for your courtesy and your attention, and ask you if I have not gone further than you have done in my abolitionism? (Hear, hear.) If not, I will conclude by saying, once for all, that I would do away with the *Christian mode of civilizing the heathen* (loud cheers); and that you may thoroughly appreciate how much of a reformer I am, I may mention that I would go further—I would also do away with the rumshops—close the opium-dens—I would abolish courts and prisons—I would have no bastards — no paupers — no Cyprians —no drunkards—I would do away with dice-box and cards—with envy, hatred, jealousy, slander, and all uncharitableness—I would seek to improve mankind by sweeping away vice and crime, and substituting virtue and happiness; and most assuredly I would do away with this accursed plan that England has introduced into our country of elevating the black-man by a system which has debased the white race, until it finally culminated in the most damning treason (loud cheers) ever recorded on the archives of time against the grandest Republic humanity has ever witnessed! (Loud and continued cheering.)

GEORGE FRANCIS TRAIN ON "PARDONING TRAITORS."

"WOULD CIVILIZATION BE ADVANCED BY THE SOUTH GAINING THEIR INDEPENDENCE?"

[*From the London American of March* 12, 1862.]

"Would civilization be advanced by th South gaining their Independence?" was the question discussed on Monday evening, March 10th, where Dr. Johnson once held forth:—"Sir," said he to Boswell, "let us take a walk down Fleet street."

Mr. Train:—Nine speakers have already spoken for the North, and none for the South. Whence this change? A few weeks ago, and you were all Secession; now, everybody is for the Union. (Hear.) As no one has touched upon the question in the paper, why should I? All you can expect is, that I should talk America, and wander from point to point as others have done—(laughter)—but I hail this change of tone as a happy omen. (Hear.) If a few salaried writers form public opinion in the Times—making England despise America—why should not the clever debaters that frequent this hall be allowed to represent the masses of your nation? (Hear, hear.)

ENGLAND HAS TURNED ENTIRELY ROUND.

England has turned completely round—the Trent has drawn all her fire—Mason drops down here like a spent shell—and our lands are bound to be more friendly than ever. (Hear.) I speak the voice of our people, when I tell you that none of us, disgusted as we may have been at your neutrality—(laughter)—endorse the strange speech of Lovejoy. (Cheers.) A pupil of the Shaftesbury school—and remembering that his brother was shot over his Abolition printing press in Illinois—you will not blame even him for feeling annoyed to see England's apparent forgetfulness of slavery, in sympathizing with the slave oligarchy that sought the ruin of our empire. (Hear.)

RISE AND DECLINE OF SECESSION IN ENGLAND.

I am glad to see that Secession is dead in England; Russell settled it in his blockade letter—and its rise and progress during twelve months is noticeable by Gregory's motion last year to acknowledge the Confederacy—and this year vainly trying to put a question as to the blockade being effective! —Yancey's advocacy was weak as water; but Mason's letter was water diluted. It turns out that the six hundred ships that run the blockade were a few fifty ton schooners on the inland estuaries, and steamboats between Memphis and New Orleans! ("Oh," and "question.") Civilization was the point, and as every speaker has dodged it, you, of course, expect me to take it up. Well, then, the South does not possess the elements of civilization. (Oh.)

THE SOUTH UNABLE TO STAND ALONE.

If they cannot get on with the North—what can they do alone? They want a standing army and free trade!—that is a paradox. They want an oligarchy and immigration—that is a contradiction—for emi-

grants will not go where they have no representation. (Hear.) They want open ports and manufactures—that is also another impossibility. Even let them carry out their plans, and the Government is at a dead lock for revenue—an export duty on cotton is an import duty in another form. (That's so.)

IT IS WITHOUT THE ELEMENTS OF CIVILIZATION.

Besides, as I said, the South has not the elements of civilization. (Oh—and hear.) Where are they then? Let the gentleman who interrupts me take all the advantage of his interruption and answer me if he can. (Hear, hear.) *Is it in jurisprudence?* Where are their Storys—their Kents—their Wheatons—their Parsons and their Bigelows? (Hear.) *Is it in Finance?* Where are their Bateses—their Peabodys—their Browns and their Sturgesses? *Is it in Commerce?* Where are their Goodhues—their Taylors—their Forbeses—their Appletons and their Grinnels. (Cheers.) *Is it in shipbuilding?* Where do you find their Webbs—their Mackays, and their Westervelts. *Is it sculpture?* Where are their Greenoughs — their Hosmers — and their Powers. (Applause.) *Is it in painting?* Where are their Alstons—their Stuarts, and their Benjamin Wests? (Cheers.) *Is it in manufactures?* There are no Manchesters, and Walthams, and Lowells, and Lawrences in the South. (Hear, hear.) *Is it in history?* Where are their Bancrofts—their Prescott — their Sparks, and their Motleys? I can see nowhere in Secessia the elements civilization requires. *Is it in romance?* Where are their Washington Irvings—(Cheers.)—their Fennimore Coopers, and their Hawthornes? *Is it in poetry?* Show me where to find their Holmes—their Willises—their Lowells and their Longfellows—(Cheers.)—*Is it in Inventions?* Who filled the Exhibition of Fifty-one with improvements that still live in England? (Hear and applause.) Where did McCormick hail from? where Colt? whence came the Enfield Rifle?—Was Hobbs a Southerner? and who furnished the Secession *Times* and *Telegraph* and three-fourths the Journals in London with presses to abuse America during the Reign of Secessia, but our Northern Colonel Hoe. (Cheers.) Where was the Niagara built? and was the Yacht America a Southern Institution? (Hear, hear.) No—gentlemen—these are some of the elements of our Yankee civilization—peculiar to our Yankee climate, and Yankee habits not yet appreciated in Secessia. (Cheers.) Is the common school system of New England an element of Southern civilization? The South alone benefit civilization!—Why, Mr. Chairman, I have proved its absurdity. Bearing in mind the debate on previous evenings, I will answer one or two Secession fallacies. The gentleman from Australia says that no black man in the North would be allowed to enter a room like this for public discussion, and this in face of the fact that there are two negroes admitted at the bar in Boston, and have practised there for several years.

WE DO NOT WANT CANADA.

He also spoke of America's intentions regarding Canada.—America wants nothing from Canada.—The two lands are as different as the two people—one is day—the other night. (Laughter and hear.) One is going to a funeral—the other a wedding. One is the old world without any progress by assenting with the new. In Canada they can't even make a barrel. (Laughter.)—The only great thing accomplished there is about the grandest swindle of this, the nineteenth century, the Grand Trunk Railway. (Oh, and hear.) Another spoke of unjust representation, citing Rhode Island—Connecticut—Vermont, and New Hampshire, with a small population having so many electoral votes; and yet he omitted to mention that Arkansas—Texas—Florida purchased of Spain—Louisiana bought of France—and Texas of the Mexicans—have equal representation in the Senate of the United States. (Hear.) Original Secessia entire with its six hundred thousand square miles of country, has but two millions seven hundred thousand white people—while New York, with but forty-seven thousand square miles, has a population of three millions eight hundred thousand, and Pennsylvania, forty-six thousand square miles, has a population of two millions nine hundred thousand. (Applause.) These two States alone have more population than the Two Secessias, and ten times the wealth. (Cheers.)—Little Massachusetts has a bank capital of fifteen millions sterling, while all Secessia boasts of but thirteen millions! (Applause.)

THE REBELLION A GIGANTIC HUMBUG.

I tell you the Rebellion is a gigantic humbug—(laughter)—a gigantic sham!—where are their successes? (Bull Run, Ball's Bluff—question, and laughter.) Must I again tell you that the nation was sold at Manassas, by treachery, as General Stone sold his country at Ball's Bluff? (Shame.) But are we alone in reverses? Look at England! at Peiho! at Cawnpore! at Cabul and at the Redan! (Hear.) Look at Russia in Circassia—France in Algeria—Austria in Italy, and now the Spaniards in Mexico! Surely we are not alone—The Pretender with two thousand Scots frightened all England a century ago! Our seven hundred thousand soldiers only allow—so

gigantic is our territory—but one man to every mile and a half of border.

AMERICA MERELY HAS THE VARIOLOID.

Lamartine eloquently observes—every Revolution has its birth—every birth its pang—every pang its groan! All nations have their diseases.—We are just going through the varioloid—(laughter)—having passed the scarlet fever, measles, and chicken-pox on the heights of Abraham—(laughter)—and the plains of Saratoga.—(Cheers.) Our tree of liberty is sound at the core.—We are only shaking off the catterpillars that have so long disfigured its branches. (Hear, and applause.)

WASHINGTON AND CROMWELL VOLUNTEERS.

I am tired of listening to England's sneers about our volunteers. You seem proud of your hundred and fifty thousand men—(cheers)—let us take the same ratio of glory for our volunteer millions. (Laughter and applause.) Sneer not at the volunteers—Washington was a volunteer—so was Robert Clive at the battle of Plassey—and Oliver Cromwell was not educated at the Horse Guards. (Laughter.) The two-spot is too much for the ace of clubs if it happens to be a trump.

SEPARATION NOT NECESSARY.

One speaker thinks that civilization would follow separation, on the ground that States become too large to be prosperous. Hence he agrees with Bulwer in breaking America into parts. England, to say the least, has never followed that plan. (Hear.) She went to India in Elizabeth's time, and put Prince against Prince, until she was enabled to absorb the entire empire of two hundred millions. (Cheers.) Had she gone on your theory—India would be off the reel long ago—and Australia—and Canada—and Ireland!—Again, what a spectacle of weakness the petty Principalities of Germany—Central and South America present—compared to the consolidated strength of seventy millions in Russia—and forty millions in France—or even England herself, with an empire on all the oceans! (Cheers.)

REBELLION, FIRST PALSIED, NOW DEAD.

No, Mr. Chairman, the revolution is dead It received its first attack of paralysis—when Congress voted five hundred thousand men—and five hundred millions of dollars! (Cheers.) It experienced its second attack when, after the Trent affair, England and France refused to acknowledge their independence. (Applause.) And now comes apoplexy and death, when the Commander-in-Chief of the Army and Navy sounded the bugle and gave his order to his Lieutenant—Charge, McClellan, charge!—On to Manassas, on!—were not the last words of our Presidential Marmion! (Cheers.) The world will shortly see how gigantic has been the success of the North—(Oh, and where)—and how gigantic the failure of the South! Secessia was a sham at the start, and has been a sham all through the revolution. (Oh, and interruption.)

AMERICA CAN AFFORD A GIGANTIC PARDON.

Now, as America goes to war in a gigantic way, I am prepared to show for once in our great strength—gigantic clemency! (hear)—and suggest that as we have killed Secessia that we still keep our originality in doing things differently from Europe—by giving our erring fellow-citizens—a GIGANTIC PARDON! (Loud cheers.) England sends her rebels to Tasmania—France to Cayenne—and Russia to Siberia—but let America follow out the good work she has begun in liberating all the State prisoners in Fort Lafayette—Fort McHenry, and Fort Warren—and pardon all the traitors, without any security for the future but the sentiment of Union. (Cheers.) Hanging is really too good for them. (Laughter.) They ought to be compelled to live among those they have deceived, and obliged to associate with their own kindred. (Laughter)—No more terrible punishment could assail them.—If a man has a fault, trust his own family to find it out. (Laughter.) Let one sister go astray, and there is no more happiness for her in her father's household.—Let one boy at school have a patch on his breeches, and every boy will chalk the place. (Laughter.) Pass through a village and they will tell you where the Gambler lives—where the Cyprian receives her guests—where the murder was committed—all these haunted spots are pointed out with scorn to be shunned by honest men. (Hear.) So let the President pardon all the traitors and compel them to reside in their own localities among the Union men they have been kept under by the strong arm of powder and ball, and justice will soon find its proper measure in tar and feathers! (Laughter and question.)

THE END.

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